

MISTAKEN FOR ANOTHER MAN

An Episode That Resulted In a Change of Lovers.

I was in a frame of mind to get the fun that could be possibly extracted from a two weeks' vacation. I extracted so much in the first twenty-four hours that I had to anticipate...

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "I thought you were not coming till to-morrow." "But you see I have come today," I replied, humoring her mistake.

"Well, I declare! You quite take my breath away," she went on, looking at me admiringly from tip to toe. "How you have improved! I'd scarcely have recognized you." "You are the same lovely girl; you couldn't improve."

"Those people over there are looking at us. Leave me off after supper, then we'll walk on the beach." "I was glad to comply," determining that as long as I could get out of the house I would do so.

"And now," I said before parting, "give your reply to my kiss." She kissed me. The next morning I rose late and was the only person in the breakfast room. Sitting by a window, I heard voices on the piazza.

"Who was the fellow?" asked a man's voice, "and what did he look like?" "Like you, very much improved from what you were when I saw you last." "Hm! You don't seem to consider me improved."

"Not in disposition. You blame me for a very natural mistake." "A very natural mistake? If you make such mistakes after we are married there'll be the deuce to pay!" "We're not married yet."

I peeped through a slit in the blind and saw a man sitting with the girl I had made love to the night before. He looked very like me, though I did not feel flattered by the remark. What should I do? Sink out unnoticed and take the first train or brazen it out?

I certainly expected both to receive me scornfully. Without waiting for either to speak I begged a thousand pardons of the girl for not rectifying her mistake at once, giving as my only reason that she was so charming I could not bring myself to do so.

Then she gave me her confidence in a matter of which I already knew the principal part. At eighteen she had admired a man whom she had known but a short time when he removed to another place. They had corresponded, and after four years' absence he had returned, hoping to get a favorable answer to his suit.

A "Young" Old Lady.

In "The Intimate Letters" of Hester Plazzi and Penelope Leanington, edited by Oswald G. Knapp, appears an anecdote of a most unusual old lady.

"There was a Mrs. Shelley in Sussex says Mrs. Plazzi, her sweetening neighbors called her Epistle and Gospel who had two maiden daughters. One broke her leg and died at about forty years of age but the other departed not until five years ago. The doctor told her mamma there was no hope and she plausibly resigned herself to the loss."

"But tell me at least," cried she, "what ails my poor child and of what you she is so sadly dying?" "Of age, dear mamma," answered her physician. Miss Shelley was never nearly worn out.

"Oh! dear! Is she really? Why, I am ninety-four myself, and I am not dying of age!" She spoke truly and outlived her little girl, as she called her, six years.

The Land of Lost Beauty.

Is there any land for lost and lovely things, sunsets and jewels and emotions that I have been perfectly beautiful and that I never felt any more? If there isn't, there ought to be some heaven where they could go on living and being as before.

Long ago the phenomenal power of the tongue of the ostrich was almost talked in the bloom of all the world's great languages. To have the "beak" of an ostrich is the synonym for an unimpaired digestive power.

These enormous skeletons of the museum who devour hard labor in public for so much per week are always down on the hills as "human skeletons."

Well, to make a long story short, the whole thing from being a mad nature faking, tame and simple, as a matter of fact, the ostrich, if not a confirmed dyspeptic, has a most delicate digestion. The largest single entry in ostrich mortality records is acute indigestion.

Schumann was always inclined to superstition. When he visited Beethoven's grave at Vienna he found a rusty steel pen lying on it. This he carefully and reverently preserved and after used in writing his B flat symphony, believing that it would bring him inspiration.

The ancient custom at Lanark, Scotland, of "whuppity scorie," the origin and meaning of which are lost, is celebrated annually and watched by a crowd of grownups. The town bell is rung nightly at 6 o'clock from March to September and then lies dumb for six months.

Modern civilization has made a great change in the commercial aspect of marriage. "How so?" "Fathers used to sell their daughters. Now they have to give them away." Baltimore American.

The noted order of the Golden Fleecy is a military one instituted by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, in 1429, on the occasion of his marriage with the Portuguese princess, Isabella. The order now belongs to both Spain and Austria.

The Ideal and The Practical

By EDITH V. ROSS

Wickersham was a literary genius, but an under-voiced genius. There are geniuses whose work only one may recognize as something that appeals to him strongly, but he would not say a word why.

Wickersham first began to write he was told that he must write something original. This was exactly what he was fitted to do, and he did it. He was disappointed in the result.

Then Wickersham was told that what publishers wanted was something on a subject where the people were interested. It was explained to him that an advertisement was a capital and a book on such a subject was largely self-advertised.

Wickersham was in despair. All his instructions had come to naught. Then when his future was complete he had to leave for his native land.

Mrs. Wickersham had an intimate friend, Mrs. Singleton, who was at the head of the literary department of a women's club. She took the book to the club, asked her as a favor to read it and recommended it to her friends.

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A South American Hobo.

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A ROMANCE IN DUPLICATE

Happy Ending of a Mixed Up Love Affair.

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Amazing Transformation.

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